

# SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

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## THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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## POETRY.



From the New Yorker.

**FORGOTTEN TIME.**  
"And like the very light of Heaven,  
I trust thy love—trust thou in mine!"

Forgotten thee? forgotten thee!  
I soundeth cold and strange  
Upon mine ear, that one like thee  
Should think of wrong or change;  
That thou shouldst think the word "forget"  
Between us could be spoken?  
That the gold-linked chain in childhood form'd  
Could be so lightly broken!

I could have borne from colder lips  
The language of distrust,  
Or thought it less had others called  
Me faithless and unjust;  
But thou, the friend of my young years,  
That thy faith should be shaken,  
Alas that Memory hath no power  
Thoughts kinder to awaken!

Look back upon the busy Past—  
Its sunshine, and its tears,—  
Its triumphs and its vanities—  
Its loves—its hopes—its fears—  
The hours of mingled joy and gloom  
That we have shared together,  
Alike unaltered through light and cloud—  
Through warm and wintry weather.

Have we not watched through pain and grief  
Beside each other's bed?  
And drank the cup of bitterness  
O'er the immortal dead?  
Yet did we not the better know  
And learn to prize the better  
That friendship which through sorrow nurs'd,  
But strengthened every fiber?

Look thou back and ask thy heart,  
If I could ever forget  
The love and truth which dwell in mine  
As in a sacred spot?  
Ask if Forgetfulness can come  
Where watchful Constancy  
Hath reared its altar in the heart,  
To hallow Memory?

Thou wilt not wrong my memory  
By such unworthy thought;  
Think'st thou that lovely wreath can fade  
Which Childhood's fingers wrought?  
Was not our Friendship's sacred bond  
Form'd by the hand of Heaven?  
And shall its blessed union now  
By aught of Earth be riven?

Fear thou it not! beloved one—  
Thou canst not now forget!  
All hope away from my bosom die,  
All feeling, and all thought;  
Lover and friend may pass away—  
And kindred ties may sever,  
But the memory—our Childhood's love  
Shall fade O never, never!

Plainfield, Ill., March, 1832. S. FELLA.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A LEGEND OF AMSTERDAM.

"In our own times Satan had bin busie  
with divers persons, and in the time of our  
forefathers the devils were wont to plaie  
strange pranks with men.—Witchcraft  
unweild, 1648.

"I'm a happy fellow—a very happy fel-  
low!" exclaimed Karl Wynck, a poor tailor,  
who dwelt in one of the old-fashioned, nar-  
row streets of Amsterdam. "The money I  
shall receive from the Burgomaster Har-  
men for making this cloak, shall be placed  
along with that I have already laid up, and,  
if fortune does not jilt me, I'll wed my little  
Elizabeth before I am six months older."

So saying, he rubbed his hands together  
with much satisfaction, and drawing his  
legs together still closer under him, resum-  
ed his needle, singing merrily as he work-  
ed. But fate interferes with the humble as  
well as the exalted: and the cup of felicity  
is as often dashed from the lips of mortals  
as from those of more dignified professions;  
and Karl had soon experience of the truth of  
this axiom. His song, which in the fulness  
of his heart he was caroling at the top of his  
voice, was suddenly hushed, for a handsome-  
ly dressed cavalier dashed into the house,  
seized an old sword which hung over the  
fireplace and disappeared as quickly as he  
had entered.

"This is strange!" muttered Karl, "my  
visitor does not look like a thief." So he  
flung aside his work, jumped from the  
board, and running to the door, beheld at a  
short distance two gentlemen engaged in a  
fierce strife. One of the combatants al-  
most instantly fell dead, while the victor,  
casting away his weapon, fled precipitately  
up the street. Karl had paid little atten-  
tion to the fugitive, but flew to the assis-  
tance of the fallen cavalier, whose hand  
still grasped his rapier; he had been thrust  
through the heart, with the sword which  
had remained for many years a harmless  
occupant of the nail over the poor tailor's  
fireplace, but now lay near the corpse of  
the cavalier stained with gore—the sight  
for a moment deprived Karl of speech and

motion. His horror increased as he heard  
several voices in the crowd, which had  
been drawn to the spot, denounce him as  
the assassin. Karl gave himself up for a  
lost man. He attempted to explain the mat-  
ter, but he did it in such a confused manner,  
and trembled so violently that many of the  
bystanders, who knew him to be a peacea-  
ble and inoffensive young man, now con-  
sidered him guilty, in short, he was im-  
mediately hurried off to prison as a mur-  
derer. Here he was left to feel the hor-  
rors of his miserable situation: he paced  
his dungeon with a throbbing heart and  
racking brain, and thought on his blighted  
hopes and his sweetheart, who he felt per-  
suaded would erase his very name from her  
remembrance. He had, however, the  
melancholly satisfaction to find that this  
was not the case; Elizabeth was soon at the  
prison, where, in the arms of her lover she  
endeavored to whisper the comfort she  
herself so much needed. But the "gentle  
reader," as in all such cases, is requested  
to imagine the grief of a couple under such  
affliction.

The next day came, and a priest was  
ushered into Karl's prison. There was a  
something in the countenance of the eccle-  
siastic which the prisoner did not fancy:  
his gray, sharp, twinkling eyes had more of  
cunning than of sanctity in it, and his whole  
manner was unprepossessing. His subse-  
quent advice corroborated the prisoner's  
suspicions.

"Karl Wynck," said the priest, "you are  
a lost man unless you make a bold effort for  
deliverance."

"That is too true, father; but I see no  
means of escaping from this dungeon, from  
which I shall soon be dragged to the scaffold.  
Oh! 'tis terrible to have one's name pro-  
nounced with horror by the good and scoff-  
ed at by the wicked; but I die innocent of  
murder."

"This is but idle prating, my son," inter-  
rupted the priest; "will you profit by my ad-  
vice, or will you die that death you dread  
so much?"

"I would fain hear your counsel father."  
"Hearken, then," rejoined the priest;  
"the keeper of the jail has a son who was  
this day married, and the wedding will be  
kept in the rooms above; on hour before  
midnight every one will be engaged in the  
revel, except the man whose duty it is to se-  
cure all safe. When he enters your dungeon,  
use this knife resolutely—why? what else  
has he?—and the priest, perceiving Karl  
already pallid features become still paler."

"Oh father," said the poor prisoner,  
"counsel me not thus; that would indeed be  
murder—I cannot do it."

"Fool!" muttered his adviser, as his thin  
lip curled with scorn: "is it for such as thee  
to judge of sin or virtue? hast thou not heard  
how Moses slew the Egyptian who smote  
his countryman? was that?"—Karl heard  
no more.

"Begone!" he cried, "begone, tempter! I  
have heard how the blessed Saint Anthony  
which beset by devils who affected sancti-  
ty, and I begin to fear that thou art one of  
that hellish legion. Begone, I say!" The  
priest (or devil if you please) smiled another  
dark smile, and his eyes gleamed like  
bright coals of fire.

"Idiot!" he muttered; as he turned upon  
his heels, "thou art lost! Perish in thine  
own obstinacy!"

Karl heard the door close upon his visi-  
tor, and falling upon his knees, uttered a  
prayer to heaven.

The stranger who had been killed was  
not known to any of the town's-people. He  
had that day arrived at Amsterdam, and  
from his appearance was judged to be a gen-  
tleman. Karl was put upon his trial, and  
the evidence against him being deemed  
conclusive, he was condemned to die. In  
vain did he urge his innocence; in vain did  
he repeat his story of the combat between  
the two cavaliers, and how the slayer had  
procured the weapon with which he had  
destroyed his antagonist; and equally vain  
were the numerous testimonials of good con-  
duct and sobriety which his neighbors ten-  
dered in his favor. Poor Karl was con-  
demned to die; and, though pined by man-  
ny, was thought deserving the fate to which  
he had doomed another.

The day of execution arrived, and Karl  
took leave of his dear Elizabeth with a  
bursting heart; but he resolved to meet  
death like a man, and walked with a firm  
step to the place of death. A hurrying glance  
upon the vast crowd which had assembled  
to see him die. A body of the town-guard  
surrounded the scaffold to keep off the  
throng which completely filled the square,  
while every window and house-top was oc-  
cupied by the burghers and their families.  
—The melancholly sound of the death-bell  
mingled with the murmur of the immense  
crowd, from which Karl endeavored to a-  
vert his face; but, as he did so, his eye rest-  
ed on the athletic figure and stern features  
of the executioner, whose brawny arms,  
bared to the elbows, reposed on his huge  
two-handed sword, which, already unsheat-  
hed, gleamed brightly in the morning's sun-  
light.

"Alas!" thought Karl, "what prepara-  
tion for the death of a poor tailor!"

A priest, unobserved, ascended the scaf-  
fold and knelt by his side: it was he who  
visited him in prison.

"Karl Wynck," whispered the tempter,  
"canst save thee even now?"

"How?" murmured the tailor, his blood  
curdling at the sound of that voice.

"Acknowledge thyself mine, and I will  
transport thee in an instant, to some far dis-  
tant country."

Karl started on his feet suddenly, that  
the guards grasped their halberds, suppos-  
ing he meditated an escape, but he had no  
such intention.

"Avaunt fiend!" he cried, shuddering vi-  
olently, "remember the reproach which our

blessed Lord gave thee of old; Satan, Satan,  
avaunt!"

The headsman's assistant here advanced,  
and bade Karl prepare himself. The suf-  
ferer observed that he was ready, and be-  
gged that the false priest might be dismissed;  
but when they turned to bid him begone,  
he was no where to be seen. Karl knelt  
again to receive the fatal blow; the head-  
man approached and raised his huge  
sword, but suddenly withheld the blow, for  
a thousand voices bade him desist, and a  
horseman was seen to urge his foaming  
steed through the dense crowd.

"Hold! hold!" cried the new comer, "for  
heaven's sake forbear—stay the execution.  
I am the slayer, and that poor man is inno-  
cent of murder!" It was, indeed, the cavalier  
who had possessed himself of Karl's  
sword; and the poor youth, overcome by  
this unexpected rescue, fell senseless into  
the arms of the executioner.

"Sir," said the cavalier, surrendering  
himself to the officer of the town-guard,  
"the crime is mine, if crime it be to destroy  
one of the most barefaced villains that ever  
scourged society. I am a gentleman of  
Leighorn, my name is Bernardo Strozz: the  
man I slew was of good family, but he  
robbed me of all I valued in this world, and  
I resolved to seek him wherever he fled.  
Chance led me to your city, and walking  
out without my sword, I met my foe in the  
street. He would have avoided me, but I  
resolved to possess myself of even a knife,  
so that I might destroy him. I luckily seized  
a sword in the house of this poor man;  
vengeance nerved my arm, and he fell, al-  
most as soon as our weapons had crossed.  
The combat was fair and equal. I left  
Amsterdam immediately; and, at the next  
town, learned that another had been con-  
demned for the slayer. The saints be  
praised that my good steed bore me here in  
time!"

Crowds pressed around Karl to congratu-  
late him upon his escape from death, while  
the cavalier placed in his hands a purse  
well filled with gold.

"Friend," said he, "take this and be hap-  
py. I regret the misery you may have suf-  
fered, but this may make you some amends."

Our tale is ended; but as some may need  
a postscript, we add for their especial in-  
formation, that Karl, with such an acquisition  
of wealth forgot the suffering he had endur-  
ed, and was the happiest man in Holland.  
He married his dear Elizabeth, by whom  
he had many children, and was rich and  
old at an advanced age. The house in  
which he lived, was formerly shown to the  
curious and there was an inscription over  
the door, recording in a few brief lines the  
history we have endeavored to give in de-  
tail; but modern improvements have crept  
even into Holland, and the dwelling of honest  
Karl Wynck is no longer shown to the  
inquisitive traveller.

## Pencilings by the Way.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FOREIGN SCENES, CUSTOM MANNERS.

(A Lost Letter Re-written.)

BY N. P. WILLIS.

SYRINA.—A Yankee skipper and his brig—  
American frigates in the Mediterranean—asso-  
ciations of storied countries—a Levanter.

The American frigate, in which I had  
cruised as the ward-room guest for more  
than six months, had sailed for winter quar-  
ters at Mahon, and my name was up at the  
pier of Smyrna as a passenger, in the first  
ship that should leave the port, whatever  
her destination. The flags of all nations  
flew at the crowded peaks of the merchant  
men lying off the Marina, and among them  
lay two small twin brigs, loading with figs  
and opium for my native town in America.  
They were owned by an old schoolfellow of  
my own, one of the most distinguished and  
hospitable of the Smyrniote merchants; and  
if a thing more adventurous turned up, he  
had offered to land me from one of his craft  
at Malta or Gibraltar.

Time wore on, and I had loitered up and  
down the narrow street, in a melancholly  
idleness" by day, and smoked the *narghile*  
with those "merchant princes" by night,  
till I knew every paving-stone between the  
beach and the bazaar, and had learned the  
thrilling events of the Greek persecution  
with the particularity of a historian.

My heart, too, unsuspicious enough when  
"packed for travel," began to uncoil with  
the absence of adventure, and expose its  
sluggish pulses to the "Greek fire," still  
burning in those Asiatic eyes, and I felt  
sensibly that if, Telemachus-like, I did not  
soon throw myself into the sea, I should  
yield, past praying for, to the cup of some  
Smyrniote Prince. Darker eyes than are  
seen on that Marina swim not, in delight,  
out of Paradise!

I was sitting on an opium box in the  
counting-house of my friend L—n, (the  
princely and hospitable merchant spoken of  
above) when entered a Yankee "skipper,"  
whom I would have clapped on the shoulder  
for a townsman if I had seen him on the top  
of the minaret of the mosque of Sultan Ba-  
jazet. His go-ashore black coat and trow-  
sers, worn only one month in twelve, were  
of costly cloth, but of the fashion prevailing  
in the days of his promotion to be second  
mate of a cod-fisher; his hat was of the richest  
beaver, but getting brown with the same  
paucity of wear and exposure to the cor-  
roding air of the ocean; and on his hands  
were stretched (and they had well need to  
be elastic) a pair of Woodstock gloves, that  
might have descended to him from Paul  
Jones, "the Pilot." A bulge, just over his  
lowest rib, gave token of the ship's chrono-  
meter, and in obedience to the new fashion  
of a guard, a fine chain of the softest Aus-  
trian hair, (doubtless his wife's, and I would  
have wagered my passage money, as pretty  
a woman as he would see in his voyage)—

a chain, I say, braided of silken blond ring-  
lets, passed around his neck, and drew its  
glossy line over his broad-breasted white  
waistcoat—the dew-drop on the lion's mane  
not more entitled to be astonished.

A face of hard weather, but with an ex-  
pression of care equal to the amount of his  
invoice, yet honest and fearless as the truck  
of his mainmast, a round, sailor's back, that  
looked as if he would hoist up his deck, if  
you battered him beneath his hatches against  
his will, and teeth as white as his new fore-  
sail, completed the picture of the muster of  
the brig *Metamora*. Jolly old II—I, I shall  
never feel the grip of an honest hand, nor  
return one (as far as I can with the fist you  
crippled at parting) with a more kindly  
pressure! A fair wind on your quarter, my  
old boy, wherever you may be trading!

"What sort of accommodations have you,  
captain?" I asked, as my friend introduced me.

"Why—none to speak of, sir! There's a  
starboard berth that ain't got much in it.  
A few boxes of figs, and the new spritsail,  
and some of the mate's traps—but I could  
stow away a little, perhaps, sir."

"You sail to-morrow morning?"

"Off with the land-breeze, sir."

I took leave of the kindest of friends, laid  
in a few hasty stores, and was on board at  
midnight. The next morning I awoke with  
the water rippling beside me, and, creeping  
on deck, I saw a line of foam stretching be-  
hind us far up the gulf, and the ruins of the  
primitive church of Smyrna, mingled with  
the turrets of a Turkish castle, far away in  
the horizon.

I sat on deck most of the day, cracking  
peanut nuts with the captain, and gossiping  
about school-boy days in our native town,  
occasionally looking over the hills of Asia  
Minor, and trying to realize (the Ixion labor  
of the imagination in travel) the history of  
which these barren lands have been the  
scene. I know not whether it is easy for  
a native of old countries to people these de-  
solated lands from the past, but for me, ac-  
customed to look on the face of the sur-  
rounding earth as mere vegetation, unstoried  
and unassociated, it is with a constant  
mental effort alone that I can be classic on  
classic ground—find Plato in the desert  
wastes of the academy, or Prim among the  
Turk-stridden and prostrate columns of  
Tric. In my recollections of Athens, the  
Parthenon and the Thesion, and the solemn  
and sublime ruins by the front of Callicles,  
stand such prominent objects; but when I  
was on the spot—a biped to whom three  
meals a day, a washerwoman and a broker  
were urgent necessities—I shame to confess  
that I sat dangling my legs over the classic  
Pelagicum, not "fishing for Philosophers,  
with gold and figs," but musing on the mun-  
dane and proximate matters of my daily  
economy. I could see my six shirts hang-  
ing to dry close by the Temple of Winds,  
and I knew my dinner was cooking three  
doors from the crumbling capitals of the  
Agora.

The morning was cool and fresh, the sky  
of an oriental purity, and the small, low  
brig, sped on like a nautilus. The captain  
stood by the binnacle, looking off to the  
westward with a glass, a tarpaulin hat over  
his black locks, a pair of sail-cloth pumps on  
his feet, and trowsers and roundabout of an  
indefinable tarriness and texture. He hand-  
ed me the glass, and obeying his direction,  
I saw stealing from behind a point of land,  
shaped like a cat's back, the well-known  
topsails of the two frigates that had sailed  
before us. We were soon off Vourla, and the  
commodore had gone in to pay his respec-  
ts to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then lying  
with his fleet in this little bay, and waiting,  
we supposed, for orders to force the Dardane-  
lles. The frigates soon appeared on the  
bosom of the Gulf, and heading down, near-  
ed our harbor bow, and stood for the Ar-  
chipelago. The *Metamora* kept her way,  
but the "United States," the fleetest of our  
ships, soon left us behind with the strength-  
ening breeze, and following her with the  
glass till I could no longer distinguish the  
cap of the officer of the deck, I breathed a  
blessing after her, and went below to break-  
fast. It is strange how the lessening in  
the distance of a ship in which one has  
cruised in these southern seas, pulls on the  
heart-strings.

As the sun set over Ephesus, we neared  
the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna, and the  
captain stood looking over the leeward bow  
rather earnestly.

"We shall have a snorter out of the north-  
west," he said, taking hold of the tiller, and  
sending the helmsman forward—"I never  
saw this sea but once afore, and it's a  
dirty passage through these islands in any  
weather—let alone a Levanter."

He followed up his soliloquy by jamming  
his tiller hard a-port, and in ten minutes  
the little brig was running her nose, as it  
seemed to me, right upon an inhospitable  
rock, at the northern headland of the Gulf.  
At the distance of a biscuit toss from the  
shore, however, the rock was dropped to  
leeward, and a small passage appeared,  
opening with a sharp curve into the mini-  
ature, but sheltered bay of Fournas. We  
dropped anchor off a small hamlet of forty  
or fifty houses, and lay, beyond the reach  
of Levanters, in a circular basin that seem-  
ed shut in by a rim of granite from the sea.

The captain's judgment of the weather  
was correct, and after the sun set, the wind  
rose gradually to a violence which sent the  
spray high over the barriers of our protec-  
ted position. Congratulating ourselves that  
we were on the right side of the granite  
wall, we got out our jolly-boat on the follow-  
ing morning, and ran ashore up to the  
beach half a mile from town, proposing to  
reclimb first to the peak of the neighboring  
hill, and then forage for a dinner in the vil-  
lage below.

We scrambled up the rocky mountain  
side, with some loss of our private stock of  
Deliberate slowly; execute promptly.

LONGEVITY OF THE QUAKERS.—The fol-  
lowing is copied from the obituary of the  
Society of Friends for the year 1833:—  
"It is a remarkable feature in the pre-  
sent obituary, that out of the rather more  
than two hundred adults recorded in it, the  
ages of full one-third or more than eighty  
persons, are from seventy to ninety-seven  
years of age, presenting an average of eighty-  
five years; full one fifth of the two hun-  
dred being from eighty-one to ninety-seven  
years old.

It is no wonder that the Quakers should  
live a long time, because they live so regu-  
larly; they are so "temperate in all things."  
Not in regard to meats and drinks only,  
but in regard to their actions and their pas-  
sions; they allow themselves not be carried  
away by anger, ambition, malice or revenge,  
envy or jealousy. They are your real  
philosophers; and were we ever to write a  
work on "the philosophy of living," and liv-  
ing a long while, we would refer the reader,  
for a practical lesson, to the example among  
the Quakers.—*New York Transcript.*

Deliberate slowly; execute promptly.

## Latest from Mexico, &c.

Through the politeness of Mont. J. Bay-  
on, we have been favored with the follow-  
ing translation of Mexican news received  
by an arrival from Matamoros last evening.  
Important from Mexico.—Through the  
gentlemanly attentions of Capt. Dickinson,  
of the clipper schr. *Halcyon*, from Mata-  
moros we have received journals from that  
place to the 6th instant.

An expedition under Gen Cortez, con-  
sisting of 8000 men, had arrived at Saltillo,  
and another of 3000 under Gen. Valencia,  
was to have embarked at Vera Cruz for  
Copano early in June, but had delayed in  
consequence, of 400 Texans having taken  
possession of the latter place.

Gen. Filisola had received positive orders  
from the Mexican government to cease  
retreating, to recruit his forces, and again  
oppose the Texian in conjunction with  
Ureca. The latter has established his head  
quarters at Matamoros, and has with him  
3000 men.—Filisola will be stationed in  
the West.

Two Texian officers had arrived at Mata-  
moros, to negotiate for an exchange of pris-  
oners.

Verbally we have been informed that  
Gen. Ureca had been appointed generalis-  
simo of the Mexican army against Texas;  
and that the Mexican congress and govern-  
ment had resolved to abandon Santa Anna  
to his fate. The latter however may be  
doubted, as we have a proclamation of Ureca,  
dated Matamoros, June 5th who entitles  
himself General of Brigade, and command-  
ing the reserve division of the Mexican  
army.

It is also reported that he has been au-  
thorized to raise an army of 15,000 men  
and that \$600,000 had been raised in one  
day by subscription in the city of Mexico  
to equip them—the loans or donations to  
the government still continuing.

The schr. *Halcyon* and *Croco* bring to  
this port \$175,000 in solid silver.

N. O. Bulletin.

## PROCLAMATION.

The President pro tem. of the Republic, to  
the Warriors of the Mexican Army, &c.

Mexico, May 19th.

Soldiers!—One of the events very fre-  
quent in war, has placed in the power of the  
enemy to our independence, the heroic con-  
queror of Tampico, the president of the re-  
public your general in chief, the idol of our  
acris, the immortal Santa Anna.

Excited by the ardor of glory, and a vehe-  
ment desire to terminate the campaign by  
a single blow, his excellency escorted a  
petty force of the army which remains un-  
touching; and this force having been beaten  
by superior numbers, this illustrious genius,  
whose exploits form the most brilliant page  
of our history, has lost his own liberty, in  
endeavoring to secure that of his country.

Our mourning has commenced! The  
fatal day of the 21st of April, and that which  
followed, are signals for vengeance in all  
Mexican hearts. Soldiers our grief is  
boundless, but it will not be unavailing.  
For the liberty of the president, and for the  
honor of the nation, the government will raise  
all possible resources: they will be immense;  
and my desire is to employ them without  
restriction; for I know my duty, and will  
fulfill it.

We to the enemies of our country! the  
foreign enemy shall be vanquished, and the  
domestic exemplarily punished, if any such  
in this sacred war of the country, shall dare  
assist the criminal ambition of the Texian  
rebels.

Friends! a momentary adversity should  
not discourage you in the constant protection  
of our rights.

Soldiers! you have proved the vicissitudes  
of fortune, to leave the world the remem-  
brance of virtue, honor and courage, and  
whilst you invoke the Providence who rules  
the destiny of nations, march, to avenge  
your God—your country and your pres-  
ident!

JOSE JUSTO CORRO.

Extract of a private letter from Matamor-  
os, under date of 8th instant, by the schr.  
*Halcyon*.

The states of San Louis, Zacatecas, Du-  
rango, Nuevo Leon, and Tamasulipas, are  
preparing to unite and initiate the example  
of Texas by declaring their independence.  
A pronouncement is looked for soon. Since  
the capture of Santa Anna, the opposite po-  
litical party has been very busy, and in man-  
ny instances expressed their sentiments  
fully to that effect.

"They express much anxiety lest the  
Texians will be persuaded to make the treaty  
which has been talked of, and so let loose  
again the "dogs of war." They say there  
can never be any thing but revolutions in  
the country so long as Santa Anna lives.  
And many are the Mexicans who would  
think it a blessing to the nation to have  
him executed. On the 3d May the courier  
despatched to Mexico with the news of San-  
ta Anna's capture returned. The govern-  
ment refuses any negotiation with Texas,  
and disapproves of Santa Anna's proposition  
—may they have men and money enough,  
and will carry on the war.

There are about 2500 troops at Vera  
Cruz, which Capt. Thomas, now a Lieu-  
tenant Colonel, has gone to bring to Mata-  
moros, where it is expected the forces will  
concentrate. It is believed the government  
have neither men nor money at their com-  
mand, so that the further prosecution of the  
war is quite impossible. General Comas  
has been appointed secretary of war, and  
has left this place for Mexico. Gen. Arago  
has left also for Mexico, but in a bad  
state of health. He was taken on a litter.  
His disorder is said to be a dropsy in the  
chest. Arago is one of Santa Anna's subject  
generals. Gen. Ureca is here and in com-  
mand. There have about a thousand